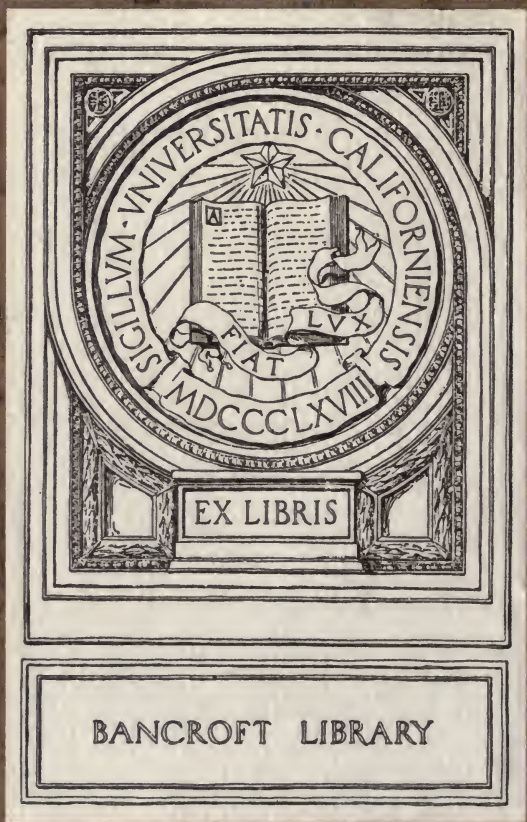


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ASPIRATION

AND

REALIZATION.

A Story in Verse

FOR

CHILDREN,

BY

George L. N. Morgan.

SAN FRANCISCO :

WINTERBURN & CO., PRINTERS AND ELECTROTYPERS,

417 Clay Street, below Sansome.

1874.

The Bancroft Library

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Respectfully Dedicated

TO

Samuel Brannan, Esq.,

BY HIS FRIEND,

George G. W. Morgan.

Aspiration and Realization.

*One Winter's night,—'twas long ago,
The ground was mantled deep with snow,
The crackling faggots shed a glow
Around an ancient hall.*

*Stout crossbows, spears and matchlocks, too,
Old suits of mail; as bright as new,
And relics of the chase a few,
Adorned each oaken wall.*

*A father sat in antique chair,
His beard was long, and gray his hair;
His three fair boys were sitting there
Beside the cheerful fire.*

*"Come, boys," said he, "I pray you say,
In frank and open, manly way,
Where, each, your thoughts and wishes lay—
To what your minds aspire.*

*" Then freely tell me, eldest son,
In what directions your thoughts run,
And name the way, if there is one,
That I can aid your aim.*

*The time will come when each will be
Dependent on himself—not me;
The road is open wide and free,
To honor and to shame.*

*" You'll find in each pursuit you choose
A way—if you will rightly use
The means supplied, and naught abuse,
To gather wealth and fame.
Whilst all around—you everywhere—
You'll need to use the greatest care
To 'scape the many schemes to snare
And drag you into shame.*

*" Some spend their lives in idle dreams,
Whilst others have too many schemes ;
You'll mostly find between extremes
The path of safety lies.
Be active, useful, prudent, kind,
And keep a pure, well-balanced mind ;
Both good and evil you will find,
Each thing on earth supplies.*

*“ Though danger lurks on every side,
Life’s labyrinths are open wide,
And little help to aid or guide
The path that should be trod ;
Still with His mercy all may dare
Attempt the task, and even share,
Whose thoughts are pure and worthy there,
Their joys who dwell with God.”*

*The eldest boy sat by his side,
His form erect with manly pride—
Responsive to his sire, replied :*

*“ Dear father, I aspire
To be a soldier of great fame,
And gain a high, ennobled name,
And savage nations rule and tame,
And conquests fresh acquire.*

*“ To lead a host of daring men,
Have every one opposed by ten,
And drive the lions from their den,
In wild and fierce despair ;
And in its stead a fortress raise,
And live apart from vulgar gaze,
As best comports with soldier’s ways,
On rich and luscious fare.*

*“ Or else, in still more regal state,
 Surrounded by the gay and great,
 Have myriads envious of my fate,
 Yet pay my tribute dues;
 Whilst crowds of mendicants should stand
 Around my gates with outstretched hand,
 And sound my praises o’er the land:
 This is the life I’d choose !”*

*“ Not thus do I desire to do,”
 The second cried—“ a calmer view
 I take of life, and shall pursue
 A trade that better pays;
 No charms in soldiers lives I see,
 Wild tumult would not answer me :
 A man of wealth I mean to be,
 And spend in ease my days.*

*“ A merchant I would rather be,
 And send my ships o’er every sea,
 And have all climes return to me
 Their treasures rich and rare:
 I’d have large mills and fact’ries, too,
 From which great profits I would screw,
 And live as princely merchants do,
 Who nothing need or care.*



*"I don't pretend to know or care
How others feel nor how they fare."*

*"I don't pretend to know or care
 How others feel, nor how they fare;
 Were I to give all I could spare,
 'Twould not amount to much.
 In fact I hate the very thought,
 Which now-a-days is often taught,
 That 'without works one's faith's worth
 'Philanthropy,' and such!" [nought,"*

*The youngest cried: "When I'm a man
 I will pursue a nobler plan,
 And strive to aid all whom I can
 With all my might and power;
 I'll raise the lowly from the ground,
 And seek where virtue may be found;
 On works of mercy always bound,
 I'll spend my every hour.*

*"I'll lead a pure and blameless life,
 And seek a prudent, virtuous wife,
 And pass my days devoid of strife,
 At least that is my plan.
 With gentle arts of love and peace,
 I'll strive to make men's joys increase,
 And Discord's direful reign shall cease,
 And Peace shall dwell with man.*

*“ In courts of law I fain would plead
 For innocence, and be, indeed,
 To all oppressed, a friend in need,
 And ever strive my best
 To gain that bliss which naught on earth
 Will yield to man of equal worth:
 He's poor, in truth, who feels a dearth
 Of peace within his breast.”*

*In finding work for idle hands,
 In cultivating untilled lands,
 And in cementing Friendship's bands
 Betwixt my land and others.
 Had I my way I would be bound
 To find a common neutral ground,
 Where peace should be forever found,
 And all men should be brothers.”*

*“ My boys,” the father cried, “ I see
 You neither in your thoughts agree,
 And fear you all are doomed to be
 Debarred your hopes to gain ;
 Still, life's before you—take the way
 That each thinks best ; I trust you may
 At last not be compelled to say :
 ‘ I've spent my life in vain.’*



*"In courts of law I fain would plead
For innocence, and be, indeed.
To all oppressed, a friend in need."*



*“ The soldier’s is a noble art
Where patriot zeal inspires the heart ;
Whose’s soul’s prepared to act its part,
And ne’er from duty shrink.
But he’s debased whom lucre leads,
Whose soul is pleased with cruel deeds ;
The sword is cursed that often bleeds,
But never stops to think.*

*“ In every age, and in all climes,
And even in the best of times,
The sword has sired many crimes
Most barbarous and base.
And ’twill be many ages yet
Ere mankind so refined will get
To sheathe its gory blade, and let
Sweet Peace reign in its place.*

*“ While commerce much that’s good imparts,
It brings from distant foreign marts
The product of all skill and arts
That else were lost to man—
Yet ’tis a fact I grieve to tell—
Some merchants who ‘on ’change’ excel
Will traffic with the fiends of Hell,
And scoff at Heaven’s ban.*

*" Self-interest is their only thought,
Their 'principles' are cheaply bought,
The only precept they e'er taught,
Is this, boys: ' Will it pay? '
More greedy far than hungry hogs,
With hearts more hard than maple logs,
They even covet blind men's dogs,
To barter them away.*

*" The courts of law afford great scope
To those who would in earnest hope
With tyrant Might triumphant cope,
And tardy justice wrench:
But those who've been in courts declare
An honest lawyer's very rare;
In some, the meanest culprit there
Is seen upon the bench.*

*" Take this advice from one who knows
How prone the world is to oppose
The progress and ascent of those
Who would in life excel;
Contented be with moderate gains,
Your passions keep in bridled reins,
Shun those whom no restraint restrains,
" They'll drag you into Hell.*

*“ I find of all whom I have known,
Whose lives have greatest splendor shown,
And gained, as ’twere, a moral throne
Of everlasting bliss,
They carried it where’er they went,
On other’s hopes and aims intent ;
In doing good their lives were spent—
An envied life is this.*

*“ Ah, strange as it may seem to you,
You’ll find in fact ’tis just as true,
They come out best who nearest do
As conscience tells them’s right ;
Who carry joy where’er they go,
Who strive to share another’s woe,
Who on the paths they tread e’er throw
A genial, joyous light.*

*“ Though selfish men may seem to thrive,
And gain the ends for which they strive,
They’d gladly yield them all to drive
Away the fiend they’ve raised—
That, like a canker in the breast,
Corrodes the heart, nor gives it rest ;
‘ They’ve toiled for sleep,’ some have confess’d,
Whose thrift was highest praised.*

*“Who’d learn a science or an art
Best learns who’ll learn and then impart;
It will implant it in the heart,*

And last while reason holds.

*And he’ll be firmest-footed found
Who helps his friends to firmest ground;
He’s greatest who can most surround
Himself with grateful souls.*

*“Though Virtue’s dumb and offers naught,
But must be long and keenly sought,
They are best learned who’re by her taught,
And best obey her rules.*

*Whilst Vice runs blatant down the street,
And proffers all things, she’s a cheat:
Destruction they will surely meet
Who are her dupes or tools.*

*“And lastly, boys, I would conjure,
Whatever you may do, be sure
You never wrong or harm the poor :—*

For they are in God’s care;

*In fact, I know no better plan,
Who’d lead a life of honor, than
To be a generous gentleman;
To be such is my prayer.*

"Whoever earns that honored name
 Stands first upon my scroll of fame.
 I pray you make that your chief aim,
 And pay but little heed
 To vulgar greatness, pomp, or show.
 Some of the world's great (?) men, I know
 In truth are petty, mean and low—
 A most degraded breed.

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"Oh! did ye know how some men climb—
 Thro' mud and mire, thro' slush and slime,
 By fawning, cringing, craft—aye,—crime,
 To reach their high estate,—
 Your veneration would receive
 A shock so great you'd scarce believe,
 And 'stead of envying, you would grieve
 For some the world calls great.

"Seek God in earnest prayer each day
 To lead you in the righteous way,
 And not permit your feet to stray
 Where wickedness hath trod,
 This earth for Heaven was designed,
 And will be yet when man's inclined
 To be like Him in form and mind,
 As was designed by God.

*"Remember this :—where'er ye be—
Ye can't be where God's eyes can't see ;
Flee where ye will ye cannot flee
 Beyond His watchful gaze.
And every act which here ye do—
Some day in realms of space ye'll view,
No photograph of earth so true
 Produced by solar rays.*

*"Be generous, but first be just,
In God's protection place your trust ;
To gain His love and aid you must
 In works of love excel.
Sustain a brave and manly heart,
And scorn all mean deceit or art,
And in life's play whate'er your part,
 Be sure you act it well."*

*Two left their father's tender care
And rushed abroad, scarce mindful where,
Life's prizes and its blanks to share—
 A helter-skelter race.
The third remained behind to cheer
His parents whom he loved so dear,
And whom he would be ever near—
 He could not leave the place.*



*And he who lately held proud sway
O'er mighty hosts now lonely lay
A mass of lifeless human clay,
Unmourned by child or wife.*

*The eldest joined a warlike band,
And spread destruction round the land—
Both far and wide on every hand
 He forced the foe to yield :
Until at length a mightier host,
With greater force than he could boast,
By stealth surprised and stormed his post ;
 His bones bleached on the field.*

*No loving heart with fervor tries
To cheer his spirit to the skies,
Or friendly hand to close his eyes,
 That glared with furious strife.
And he who lately held proud sway
O'er mighty hosts now lonely lay
A mass of lifeless human clay,
 Unmourned by child or wife.*

*The second grew both rich and great,
And gained vast wealth and huge estate,
But callous grew of others' fate,
 Nor cared for others' woes ;
His brother man he bought and sold,
His heart was selfish, sordid, cold ;
His sole delight was hoarding gold—
 He deemed all men his foes.*

'Twas thus his conversation run :

“ There is a price for every one ;”

“ Whatever is or has been done

Is mostly due to gold.”

And what by some is most revered,

He ridiculed, contemned and jeered.

“Affection ! friendship ! love !” he sneered,

“Are very cheaply sold.”

He lived in quite a princely style,

And strove his ennui to beguile ;

But, ah ! was seldom seen to smile ;

'Twas only now and then

When some grand prize his luck had caught,

Or legal conflict stoutly fought,

To a successful end was brought

Against his brother men.

The world was ransacked far and wide

To gratify his morbid pride,

His every whim was soon supplied :

The Vatican at Rome,

With all its treasures rich and rare,

With some of his could scarce compare,

And yet there was but little there

Most needed in a home.

*The richest gem or rarest stone
That this grand world has ever known
Would serve but poorly to atone*

*For what was wanting there;
A crowd to serve, but none to pour
The heart's ovations fondly o'er,
Oh! how he envied some he saw,
Though very poor they were.*

*And though the world is apt to be
Allured by glare, and crowd to see
Whatever for the hour may be—
Rich, monstrous, strange, or rare;
Yet few there were who ever sought
His love, or even his smiles to court,
Who did attempt it soon were taught
No more that feat to dare.*

*But when the general victor came,
And, unrelentless, urged his claim,
His soul affrighted shrunk with shame;
Oh! how he longed to live;
“Oh! for a year,—a month,—an hour;”
He would atone with all his power
To those he'd wronged, with heavy dower;
But Death no “grace” would give.*

*His mortal frame was borne away
In pompous state, a grand array,
More like a pageant in a play*

Than mortal "dust to dust."

*A sermon soon in church was heard,
And his salvation was inferred,
But of his errors—not a word,
Nor final lack of trust.*

*A monument, supremely grand
As any monarch's in the land,
By first of artists cut and planned,
Adorned the grave he filled.*

*An epitaph, too, soon was seen,
"To keep his fragrant memory green!"
Not what he was, but should have been,
And might, had he so willed.*

*His wealth soon in the courts of law
Was clutched, like lamb in lion's paw,
And filled the still insatiate maw
Of human wolves, or worse;
And as its owner, in his life,
Seemed most at home where broils were rife,
In death entailed unending strife,
A new Pandora's curse.*

*The third was gentle, kind and true,
Who did as he'd be done unto,
Though void of wealth, no briers grew
Upon the path he trod;
He lived an active, useful life,
Beloved by children, friends and wife;
Where he appeared he banished strife,
And died at peace with God.*

*And when they laid him in the ground
His neighbors came from miles around,
And not a tearless eye was found
'Mid all the hosts that came;
He needed not the sculptor's art
To chronicle his well-played part,
For 'twas engraven on the heart
Of all who heard his name.*

*And 'twill descend from sire to son;
For though his earthly race is run,
The noble deeds that he has done
Still shed a halo round.
But finite moments here on earth
Are given man to prove his worth
And fit him for his heavenly birth:—
Life's but a training ground.*

*May God in mercy hear our prayer,
And let us all His blessings share,
And keep us 'neath His watchful care,
That when at last we die,
No misspent hours or deeds we'll rue,
But ever faithful, good and true,
Grim Death's stern portals passing through,
Our souls to heaven may fly.*

*Oh ! what are riches ! titles ! power !
To those who in their dying hour
Feel conscience's sting, and shame and cower
Beneath a heavenly ban ?
'Twere best to leave just as we came,
Devoid of all things, so we aim
To earn and leave this honored name :—
"A good and noble man."*



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TAKE ANY NOTES YOU PLEASE:

THIS BOOK

BELONGS TO

READ SLOWLY IF YOU CHOOSE,

BUT WHEN THE BOOK YOU USE,

And if 'tis borrowed by a friend
Quito welcome he shall be
To read, or study: NOT TO LEND,
But to RETURN to me.

By this no selfish thought is meant,
To lock up Wisdom's store;
But Books, I find, sometimes re-lent,
Return to me NO MORE.

BE CAREFUL OF ITS LEAVES.

**Lithomount
Pamphlet
Binder
Gaylord Bros.
Makers
Stockton, Calif.
PAT. JAN 21, 1908**

